

Carrie Morse Gustafson

True Friend
True Lover
True Worker
True Worshipper

To Grinnell folks and to all her friends near and far she was a true friend of old and young.

It was last January when she came back to her Grinnell home to enrich the lives of her parents on the event of their Golden Wedding. At that time her smiles and merriment radiated cheer and her colorful and appropriate decorations for the occasion revealed her artistic nature. The desire for the happiness of her parents was ever in her mind. It was her joy to see older folks happy.

Young people were also a challenge to her. For four years she taught a class in the Union School of Religion, which was under the supervision of Dr. George A. Coe and Professor Hugh Hartshorne, leaders in Religious Education. True to the spirit of the teacher she found herself growing while her pupils were learning.

Religion meant little to her if it were not put into action. Carrie had a longing to help young people face life so that it would not later be a disappointment to them. She was always sympathetic with the many problems that the young folks of today must face. Having a keen sense of justice and fair play, she always encouraged her young friends to talk over with her in a frank manner anything pertaining to living. She believed that truth and right would be the final outcome of sincere discussion.

Carrie was born in Iowa County, Iowa, August 2, 1889. When she was four years old the family moved to Williamsburg, Iowa. There she lived until she was ten years of age. Older inhabitants of that place remember her as a happy child with long golden curls and with large brown animated eyes.

In the fall of 1899 the family moved to Grinnell where better educational advantages would be available for their children. Her education carried her through the Grinnell High School and through Grinnell college which she finished in 1912. Later when married and living in New York she did post-graduate work at Columbia University and at the Damrosch School of Music. The great throbbing city with its many lights and shadows in the lives of young people challenged her to work in the Y. W. C. A. and the Union School of Religion. Her life was not long, but it was full.

During the latter part of her life she had to combat the pain of several serious illnesses. Through pain she arrived at a fuller understanding and interpretation of life.

Her passing came as a culmination of recurrent colitis which followed in the wake of several operations.

Services were held at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Morse, 1305 Elm street on last Saturday at 2:00 p. m. The lovely sunshine of the day, the flowers and many friends gave an appropriate benediction to her life.

The following poem which she handed to her mother a short time ago expresses her ever present regard for the comfort of others:

"No funeral gloom, my dears,
when I am gone.
Corpse-gazings, tears, black
raiment, graveyard grimness.
Think of me as withdrawn into
the dimness.
Yours still, you mine.
Remember all the best
Of our past moments
And forget the rest.
And so to where I wait come
gently on."

Dr. Leighton B. Morse, her brother, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Gustafson, from New York City to Grinnell. Mr. Gustafson leaves Tuesday with his sister, Ruth, for Fort Dodge where he will spend Thanksgiving with his parents. After December 2nd he will be at his business address, 50 Broadway, New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Morse and Leighton accompanied them as far as Des Moines.

Leighton Morse is Professor in the department of physics, in New York City College.